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THE CONFESSOR OF ANTIOCH :

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY ARIANS.

CHAPTER III.

AND now while the good ship sails upon her course, let me sketch the condition of the divided Church of Christ at the time of which I write.

Before the Council of Nice, then, the question of the relations between the Father and the Son were entirely unsettled in the Christian world. Year by year the Trinitarian theories had been growing stronger, more especially in the west ; but when Arius first proclaimed his views many churches at once embraced them ; and others, as did the Church of Antioch, acknowledged their truth, but declared that they had always believed the same, and that they could not allow Arius, who was but a Presbyter, to assume a leadership over their own bishop.

But after the Council of Nice the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The decision in favour of the Athanasians was, they declared, decisive—they were now, they said, the Catholic Church, and the Arians were heretics, and beyond the pale of communion.

But Antioch is their own beautiful capital. Theodoric is Arian, but Clovis becomes Catholic, and so, for many a long year the fight was fought, as the fight of the Reformation was fought in Europe, but the final result was different. The Catholics regained again the ground they had lost, and the end of this great struggle witnessed Catholicism triumphant, the Bishop of Rome, the Holy Father, vicergerent of God, and the Athanasian Trinity the symbol of all the Churches. Scarcely a trace of that once wide and spreading Arianism remained. Perhaps in some distant village of Asia Minor the Arian

hymns might still be heard. Perhaps in some remote Waldensian valley the Catholic traveller might find the old formula of "to the Father through the Son" still used by the simple herdsmen, and that was all. The Unitarian Church, with its worship of the one God, in the name of the Risen Christ, had vanished from the world, only to be revived again when a fresh and more successful rebellion should shake the old Catholic church ; when Socinus, Servetus, and Gentilis should call back again the Christianity of Christ in the hearts of men.

But back once more to the earlier struggles of our spiritual ancestry, the Arians of Antioch.

"Ah, Philip, never sneer again at my 'Arian Antioch.' Dear Antioch ! — it was here that St. Paul preached, and here St. Peter was bishop. This was the birth-place of St. Luke, and this the home of Ignatius. And then it was here that the followers of the Christ were first called Christians—you remember how St. Luke mentions it in the Book of the Acts ; but, perhaps, you do not know that it was our good bishop, Evodius, who first used the blessed name."

Of all the charming scenery which surrounded Antioch, nowhere was greater beauty than at the village of Daphne, some few miles on the road to Seleucia. Here, in the midst of groves, stood a stately temple of Apollo, for here it was the Antiochians declared that Apollo had pursued the nymph Daphne, and here had the frightened Daphne been changed into the queen laurel.

Since the Christian faith had leavened the people of Antioch the shrine of Apollo was deserted, and when a stranger came to consult its famous oracle no voice of response was heard. Nor was this the only change—the new religion had actually

invaded the soil most sacred to the hearts of Pagan worshippers. Close to the very shrine of Apollo had been laid the remains of the most famous of the martyrs of Antioch, and over the ashes of St. Babylas a stately church was raised, and Christian hymns echoed in the outraged ears of Apollo Daphnicus. And then, not content with this profanity, as the Pagans deemed it, the Christians loved to lay their dead to rest by the side of their martyred bishop; and lo, all the priests of Apollo vanished from the spot, leaving but one of their number to preserve the shrine from the further indignities of these Christian unbelievers!

Thus, it chanced that, when our two friends walked one evening through these groves of Daphne, they met no other adherent of the old faith than this one old priest; and, naturally enough, their conversation with him soon turned on their differences of religion.

"But tell me, good old man," said Philip, "do you really believe in these gods of yours? do you pray to Apollo at sunrise and to Diana by moonlight?"

The priest never so much as smiled at all these questions. "I believe," he said, very simply, "as my fathers believed before me. New fashions may spring up and new gods appear, but the old fashions and the old gods are good enough for me."

"But how can you believe in these old gods?"

"Well," said the priest, "as you like, but the old gods for me, and so thinks Julian. They say he's coming here."

"Julian coming!" said Philip; "Theodore, do you hear that? there will be hot work. I wonder if Euzoius knows?"

"We shall know to-morrow," said Theodore, calmly, so calmly that Philip looked at him with amazement.

"Well, yes, to-morrow is the Lord's day, and I suppose Euzoius will say something, if the priest's story is true. But, Theodore, you really look as if you liked the chance of martyrdom under Julian—the divine."

Theodore only smiled. In truth, the thought that rose up the strongest was, that now, at last, the Arians might wipe away the reproach which the Catholics of Alexandria were always urging. "You know how to be turbulent," they would say; "but you could not be faithful or heroic.

You are very brave with Athanasians; but where would be the Church of Christ, if *you* had to defend it against the Pagans? Heretics are never confessors."

And now, thought Theodore, the time has come to vindicate the truth—God give us all strength, and hardihood, and faith!

Foremost among the buildings of Antioch was the cathedral church. It was the earliest, and it was still the most stately of the edifices expressly erected for the worship of the Father through the Son.

And the service of the "Golden Church," as they fondly called it, was worthy the building which it consecrated. Nowhere was the liturgy so fine, and nowhere was the music so impressive.

The service was a long one, and the sacramental rites were duly performed. After each prayer, and after the singing of the 33rd Psalm, the doxology, "Glory be to the Father, through the Son, and in the Holy Ghost," was sung and responded to, and then came the sermon or address. The sermon was not so prominent a part in the service as it now is; but it was certainly not less effective. He told his flock that the apostate, Julian, was coming. He besought them that they should be faithful to their Lord, and that they should show Julian how firm and determined they could be.

How well the people kept their faith, and how bravely they bore themselves during this trying time, may best be judged by a conversation we will listen to, between Julian and his two chosen friends. Julian, who has now spent a week in Antioch, and who is heartily disappointed with the result, is pouring out his grievances to Libanius, the great sophist of Antioch, and Sallust, the captain of the guard.

"Good Libanius, what on earth is to be done with this race of men? It is downright enchantment which has come upon them. They frequent all the feasts, and pageants, and shout, 'Long live Julian,' and are as loyal as men can be. But when I try to make them loyal to the gods, they are silent as the grave."

"O, Julian," said Libanius, with a sneer curling his thin lip, "they are loyal to you, what matters their blasphemy to the gods. Let them punish."

"But to think," said Julian, walking hastily up and down the room, "but to

think how these people neglect the shrine and grove, which is the very envy of the world—yes! and pollute it, too, with dead bodies and the bones of foolish martyrs.”

“Well,” answered Libanius, “if you do wish to punish them, and without bloodshed—I cannot endure bloodshed, and Plato, the divine, would never have approved it—the worst of punishments will be to make them purify again this grove, and remove the bodies which offend the sun god.”

“Well thought of Libanius! and then, perhaps, the oracle will speak again. So, Sallust, see that it be proclaimed that these blaspheming Galileans move away the body of Babylas to-morrow morning, and threaten them with martyrdom like his if they refuse.”

Sallust, the gentlest and bravest soldier who bore the eagle in the Prætorian ranks, expostulated, and entreated, but in vain. “Suppose they refuse?” “Then you must put them to death.” Sallust shrunk away with horror, but he knew that he had no power to alter a decision of Julian. So he went at once to inform Euzoius, and urge him to obey the Emperor’s behest.

Euzoius listened, and at once decided on his course. He and his people would obey; and Sallust joyfully went to report it to the Emperor.

The following morning, at daybreak, the Christian population of Antioch went sadly and solemnly to the groves of Daphne, placed the sacred remains on a triumphal car, and returned to the city. It was a strange and affecting sight.

Julian had stationed himself to see the procession. He was laughing heartily at the long faces of the people, and pointing out to Sallust the melancholy pleasures of the once gay Antiochians. Theodore saw the look of ridicule, and whispered to Euzoius, who was just in front. In a moment, at a signal from their bishop, the whole throng joined with one voice, in the Psalm of David, “Confounded be all they that serve graven images, and boast themselves in idols.”

Julian was furious. He ordered Sallust to arrest the leaders, and punish them with torture. Sallust made excuses and apologies, but in vain, and at last he arrested Theodore. The poor fellow had spoken of martyrdom; he was now to feel how terrible it was. The scourge, the rack, the

chain—we will not describe their horror. Suffice it to say that, when life was hanging on a thread, Sallust worked upon the Emperor to spare him the last agonies. Julian was not naturally cruel, and he could not but be touched by the story of Theodore’s fortitude and gentle bearing. He felt, too, that such cruelties disgraced the Pagans, and conferred glory on the Christians.

So Theodore was at last released, but he was so changed that even Philip scarcely knew him, and never again was he, except in ardent zeal, what once he had been. Years had passed by, and Theodore, now an old man, was sitting in the light of the declining sun before his house, and near him stood a boy on whom he gazed often and lovingly, and to whom he spoke of his own life and his own sufferings. Of all the catechumens who looked up to Theodore for guidance and advice, this boy was still the favourite. Something there was in the soft glance of his eye that reminded the old man of the past, something that recalled a face long since faded away from earth, and he loved the boy for his chance-likeness to Eudoxia.

“And so,” he was saying, “must you, dear boy, pass through the fire to God, if God so wills it. You must fear nothing, you can fear nothing, if only the Father and the Son are with you. When, for the sake of the Father, I gave up a human love that was more than life to me, and left Alexandria for ever, I felt a glow of holy joy like that which the Christ felt when the temptation passed and the angels came and ministered. And when, here at Antioch, I suffered for the glory of the Son as I had suffered at Alexandria for the supremacy of the Father—when the torture and the rack were most terrible—when my head and heart sank away together into the very jaws of death—then, O, my boy, I am telling you the very truth, the blessed Father sent down an angel from heaven to my aid. He stood near, as you are standing, he bent over me and wiped my forehead, and cooled my lips, and tenderly stroked my hands. I saw him clearly as I now see you, and as I looked at him all pain seemed to pass away, and the bed of death became the very rose-garden of the Lord.”

And as he spoke the boy seemed awed, and crept closer to the old man’s side.

He had heard before of this wonderful story, and he knew how Theodore had passed through life with a sanctity and reverence of more than martyrdom hanging around him.

The story was variously explained. Some believed that one of Julian's guards, Sallust perhaps, had taken pity on that tortured form, and had acted an angel's part. Some said it was nothing but the dream of a dying man. Many more, and among them, be sure, the boy himself, were ready to believe that the Father had sent a blessed minister from the courts of heaven to guard and save the young Arian confessor. But all agreed (for had not the spectators attested it?) that something more than common had occurred, that in a moment all terror and agony had vanished from Theodore's face, and that God and Christ were near him, and by one agency or another had given him a rest and ease like the rest of a little child.

A GOOD CREED.

1. WE believe in God's providential care and in His infinite love. That in all our duties and cares we may feel His presence, and find His guidance and help.

2. We believe that this world is a school for the training, redemption and elevation of men.

3. We believe that Christ came not to save us from God's wrath, but from our errors and sins, and to win us by his mission to the knowledge and love of a heavenly life.

4. We believe that by all honest and noble work, and all innocent recreations we may enrich and gladden our earthly lives.

5. We believe that death should be ever viewed not as our foe, taking from us with relentless hand the dearest objects of our love, but our friend, sent to bear our kindred, and friends, and ourselves up to other and brighter mansions of our Father's house.

6. We believe that men are to be measured not by their professions, or creeds, but by their fruits, by the aim and temper of their daily lives.

This—if we grasp it—is the spirit of our precious and inspiring faith.

OF ATHEISM.

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought miracles to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must need fly to Providence and Deity. The contemplative atheist is rare: A Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion or superstition are by the adverse party branded with the name of atheists. But the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things, but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterised in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides; but many divisions introduce atheism. Another is scandal of priests; when it is come to that which St. Barnard saith, *One cannot say now, as the people so the priest; because the people are not as bad as the priest.* A third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion. And lastly, learned times, especially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God or better nature, which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in it-

self could not obtain. Therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons so it is in nations.—*Bacon's Essays*, 1625.

LEARNING TO PRAY.

KNEELING fair in the twilight gray,
A beautiful child was trying to pray,
His cheek on his mother's knee,
His little bare feet half hidden,
His smile still coming unbidden,
And his heart brim full of glee.

"I want to laugh, is it naughty, say?
Oh! mamma, I've had such fun to day,
I hardly can say my prayers.
I don't feel quite like praying,
I want to be out-doors playing,
And run all undressed down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden bed
Shining so pretty and sweet and red;
And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
Oh! everything is so nice out there,
I want to put it all in my prayer,
(Do you mean I may do so, by 'Yes?')

"When I say 'Now I lay me,' word for word,
It seems to me as if nobody heard.
Would, 'thank you, dear God,' be right?
He gave me my mother,
And father and brother,
Oh, mother! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands, and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began.
His mother's nod and sanction sweet
Had led him close to the Lord's own feet,
And his words like music ran.

"Thank you for making my home so nice,
The flowers and folks, and my two white mice,
(I wish I could keep right on);
I thank you too for every day:
Only I'm almost too glad to pray.
Dear God! I think I have done.

"Now, mamma! rock me—just a minute—
And sing the hymn with 'Darling' in it:
I wish I could say my prayers!
When I get big, I know I can;
Oh! won't it be nice to be a man
And stay all night down stairs!"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond "Good Night."
And treasured his every word.
For well she knew that the artless joy
And love of her precious, innocent boy,
Was a prayer that the Lord had heard.

MARY S. DODGE.

THE UNITARIAN MAN OF SCIENCE.

SMITHSON TENNANT, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Cambridge, was born at Selby, Yorkshire, in 1761. His father was the vicar of that town. As a boy he is said to have been grave and pensive, seldom joining in his schoolfellows' amusements. He gave many proofs, while very young, of a particular turn for chemistry and natural philosophy, both by reading all books of that description which came in his way, and making various little experiments which the perusal of such books suggested.

His first experiment was made at nine years of age, when he prepared a quantity of gunpowder for fireworks, according to directions contained in some scientific book to which he had access. In the choice of a profession his attention was naturally directed to the study of medicine, as being most nearly allied to his philosophical pursuits.

He accordingly went, about the year 1781, to Edinburgh, with that view. His stay at the University was not long, for in October, 1782, he was admitted a member of Christ's College, Cambridge, where he began from that time to reside. A circumstance happened during Mr. Tennant's residence at Cambridge which showed the independent and benevolent turn of mind that distinguished his character throughout life. A Russian gentleman had been sent to the University by the Empress Catherine to be instructed in mathematics. The remittances necessary for the payment of his expenses were at first regularly made; but subsequently, in consequence of some accident or omission, were discontinued. After waiting for some time, the College tutors, seeing no prospect of obtaining the money from the Russian Government, thought themselves justified in taking legal measures against the party himself. Mr. Tennant, struck with the helpless situation of this unfortunate foreigner, without friends or resources, remonstrated for some time against the harshness of their proceedings, but without effect; and the young man was arrested. Mr. Tennant immediately took the proper steps to procure his release, and advanced him the means of support till he was enabled to return to Russia, where he was

afterwards appointed a professor in the Imperial Academy of Cronstadt.

While engaged in scientific pursuits, Tennant was at the same time a very general reader of all the most interesting works in polite literature, history, metaphysics, and especially in political economy, which was one of his favourite studies, and on which he made many original observations. At Cheddar, in Somersetshire, he had a farm of 500 acres, where he made agricultural experiments.

The desire of visiting foreign countries, to observe their different productions, and the effects of their different systems of laws and Governments, was one of his ruling passions. In 1784 he commenced a series of continental tours, in the course of which he visited Sweden, Denmark, France, Italy, and Germany; and he planned visits to Africa and Turkey, which he did not live to accomplish. He was delighted by a visit to Holland, for he saw in that extraordinary country a striking illustration of his own most favourite opinions. He was gratified by the triumph of intelligent and persevering industry over the greatest physical difficulties, and by the general diffusion of wealth and comfort, the natural effects of unrestrained commerce, and of civil and religious liberty. About 1792 he took chambers in the Temple, which continued from that time to be his established place of residence, and we gather that he became an attendant at Essex-street Chapel.

During the course of the year 1796 Mr. Tennant communicated to the Royal Society his paper on the nature of the diamond, discovering it to be pure carbon.

Sir Isaac Newton had conjectured that this body was inflammable. The merit of completely ascertaining the nature of this substance was, however, reserved for Mr. Tennant. He succeeded in burning the diamond by heating it with nitre in a gold tube. These researches and his subsequent discovery of two metals, iridium and osmium, made him known throughout Europe.

His curiosity and activity were incessant; he had a vigilance of observation which suffered nothing to escape him, and was continually gaining new information from a variety of interesting sources. But although the knowledge thus acquired was remarkable for its correctness, yet the industry and perseverance by which it ought

to have been embodied, and made permanent for the benefit of others, were too often wanting. He was continually pressing on to new discoveries, instead of arranging and bringing to perfection those which he had already made. His memory was a great storehouse of discoveries, and hints for discovery, of ascertained facts, probable conjectures, and ingenious trains of reasoning which he was continually treasuring up, with the intention of reducing them to order, and preparing them for use at a more convenient season. But that period rarely arrived. In the carelessness of intellectual wealth he neglected the funds of information which he had accumulated, and suffered them to remain useless and unproductive, till his attention was recalled to them, perhaps after a long course of years, by some new fact or discovery, some remark in conversation, or other accidental occurrence.

The following are among the subjects upon which Mr. Tennant entertained the intention, or rather the wish, of writing. They may serve in some degree to mark the character of his mind. One was "A Treatise on Political Economy." This was his favourite literary project, and at one period of his life engaged a great deal of his attention. Another was a biographical memoir of some of those distinguished persons to whose literary or scientific merits, owing to accidental causes, justice has not been done by their contemporaries or by posterity. Among these he particularly mentioned Dr. Priestley. He also wished to write observations on the principles of the French revolution, and the causes of its failure.

He was remarkable for the faculty of stating the merits of an obscure and complicated question very shortly, and with simplicity and precision. The calmness and temper, as well as the singular perspicuity, which he displayed on such occasions, were alike admirable, and seldom failed to convince the unprejudiced, and to disconcert or silence his opponents. Among the principles which he most cherished was an ardent but rational zeal for civil liberty, which he sometimes represented as his ruling passion; although it was not in him a mere effusion of generous feeling, but the result of philosophical reflection united to much practical observation. His attachment to the general principles of

freedom originated in his strong conviction of their influence in promoting the wealth, virtue, and happiness of nations. A due regard to these principles he considered as the only solid foundation of the most important blessings of social life, and as the peculiar cause of that distinguished superiority which our own country so happily enjoys among the nations of Europe. His friend, Mr. Wishaw, wrote a life of him, in which he says, "Of his moral qualities it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. His virtuous disposition appeared on every occasion and in every form which the tranquil and retired habits of his life would admit of. He was actuated by a high sense of honour and duty, and was remarkable for his kindness and benevolence, especially towards inferiors and dependents. But the real extent of his private worth, the genuine simplicity and virtuous independence of his character, and the sincerity, warmth, and constancy of his friendship, can only be felt and estimated by those to whom he was long and intimately known."

The life of this distinguished man was brought to a premature end, in 1815, by a fall from his horse when staying at Boulogne, in France.

What were the religious opinions which this clear and learned thinker entertained? In spite of the orthodoxy of his education, and all the narrowing influence of his orthodox university, he became a Unitarian. He was a friend of another heretical *savant*, Sir J. E. Smith, who tells us (*Defence*, p. 39), "that Professor Tennant repeatedly expressed to him his warmest admiration of Mr. Lindsay, comparing him to the old reformers, and declaring his remarks on certain points to be unanswerable. And he adds that the professor made no secret of his heresies."

BORROWING TROUBLE.

It is uncomfortably true that there is almost as much distress of mind experienced in the anticipation as in the realisation of trouble. About half of our unhappy days are occasioned by our looking forward to the unhappiness of the other half.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We need never take another jot on credit. In borrowing trouble, natural laws are reversed; mere molehills of annoyance become mountains when

viewed at a distance ahead. Some persons never take actual comfort. In tranquil times the dread of a coming change is always in the way of their enjoyment.

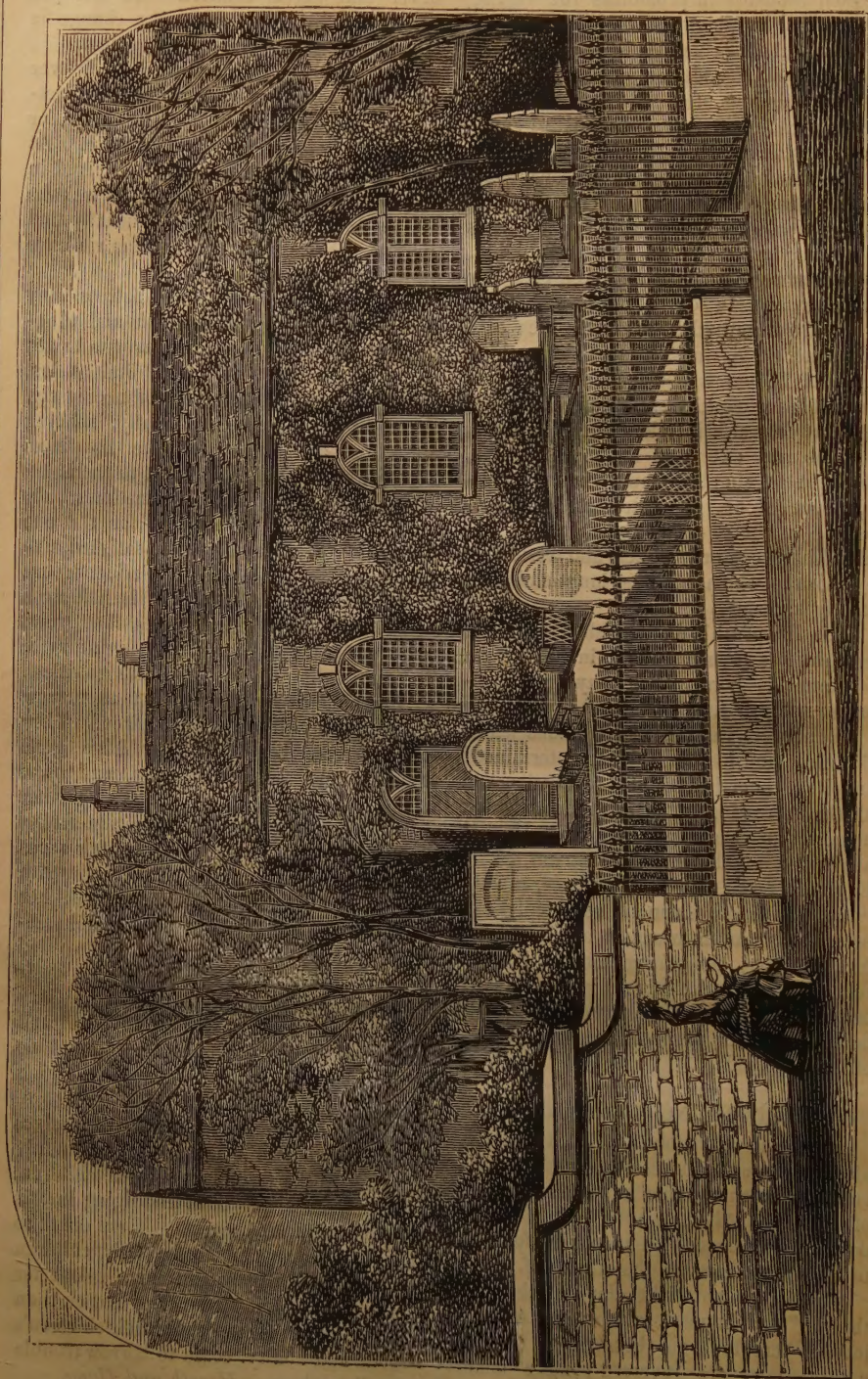
I knew of one family that was forever expecting to move, consequently neglecting to make garden, repair the house, or permanently arrange the furniture. At the latest advices this family had lived in the same house eleven years. If we take things as they come, we will usually find that they come much better than we have any right to expect.

Our anticipatory flags of distress may have been inviting compassion and flinging patches of darkness over many a bright scene for months, for us to find at last that we have been guilty of needlessly, I might almost say criminally, robbing ourselves and others of the happiness rightfully belonging to us and to them.

"Borrowing trouble" is sometimes only another name for selfishness, for the one borrowing trouble is seldom satisfied unless all within his or her influence are inveigled into the loan. It is holding a dangerous serpent in our hearts, that grows with what it feeds upon. It is sinful, for it is an abiding distrust of God's goodness.

Parents are by far too apt to borrow trouble in behalf of their children. They cannot remember that they have gone through much greater dangers, and have come out unharmed. Many a mother has glowingly expatiated upon the frolics of her youthful days, her horseback races over hill and vale, and her hair's-breadth escapes, and the next minute forbade her daughter the exhilarating pleasure of horseback riding. Girls have not degenerated so very much since the days when their mothers were young. They are just as courageous, just as strong to withstand temptation, just as high-minded, and no more fond of beaux and flirting than girls were forty years ago.

Parents unwittingly earn for themselves the reputation of being cross and unduly rigorous in the treatment of their children, merely in consequence of indulging in this same uncomfortable evil. They ought to place as much confidence in their children as years ago they would have asked for themselves, and, if for no other reason than a proper degree of respect for their children's honour and ability, cease to borrow trouble regarding them.—*Hearth and Home*.



DOB-LANE CHAPEL, FAIRSWORTH.

DOB-LANE CHAPEL, FAILSWORTH.

In the course of a very few years the whole of our old chapels, built for our honest ancestors, who preferred to be driven from the State Church than tamper with a good conscience, will have given place to new and more suitable buildings, so we desire to preserve some remembrance of them in our pages. For this reason we present this month an engraving of Dob-lane, which is just without the boundary of the city of Manchester. The antecedents of this chapel are of a very interesting character, and at once render it the oldest and, probably, the most noteworthy institution in the neighbourhood.

When the Government of Charles II. passed the Act of Uniformity in 1662, one of the two thousand conscientious clergymen who surrendered their livings rather than formally subscribe to the creed of the Established Church was a Mr. Walker, rector of Newton Heath. He laboured to maintain his liberal religious views under the greatest difficulties, and for a time assembled his followers in a barn in the adjoining village of Culcheth, fearless of the law which threatened him by virtue of the "Conventicle" and "Oxford" Acts.

In 1698 the present building was erected (the major portion of the graveyard not being added until 1841). The ex-Episcopal clergyman resigned in 1713, and was succeeded by a Mr. William Perkins, who ministered for a period of eleven years, and was followed by Messrs. Knight, Sandeford, Cordingley, and Robert Robinson, respectively. The last-named, commencing in 1763, gradually preached Calvinistic doctrines, and rapidly dispersed the hitherto excellent and somewhat wealthy congregation—never to be reclaimed. Persuasion to resign was in vain, and, securing by some means the trust deed and key of the place, he arbitrarily kept it closed for a period of three years. In 1775, after the greatest trouble and legal expense, the chapel was re-opened, under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Houghton, who was succeeded by the Revs. William Hawks, Richard Aubury, and Lewis Lloyd, respectively. In later years the latter became an eminent banker, and his son is a peer of the realm under the title of Lord Overstone. Mr. Lloyd was succeeded by the Rev. William Ste-

phens, formerly tutor at Manchester New College, followed by the Rev. George Walker, formerly principal of the same college. The Revs. David Jones, George Buckland, Joseph Ashton, James Taylor, James Hibbert, Abraham Lunn, and Joseph Freeston, have also been at the head of the congregation for various periods prior to 1865. The pulpit was then supplied for two years by students from the Home Missionary Board, during which time the offertory was successfully established. The Rev. W. G. Cadman afterwards accepted an invitation to settle, under whom for upwards of five years the congregation has continued to flourish, and bear an important influence in the neighbourhood. Mr. Cadman, however, of late having been called to a neighbouring congregation, that at Failsworth is once more without a resident pastor.

During the earlier part of its career it has had actively to contend with many local and political agitations. When the Jacobites, for instance, displayed their greatest strength, it signally kept aloof from the movement, though at the cost of open persecution of a few of its members. Its policy has ever been that of uncompromisable peace.

With a school of 260 members, it is in many respects an example to the neighbourhood, and, doubtless, is doing a highly useful work.

The building, which is 174 years old, begins to totter, and the congregation—consisting entirely of working people—has made an earnest effort towards the erection of a new chapel. Their commendable exertions, so far, will be supplemented by a bazaar, and, it is hoped, substantial aid from all friends.

A QUIET LIFE.

You scorn my dwelling as you pass it by!
I do not say, Come in;
You are a stranger to the company
I entertain within.

My house is humble, yet within its walls
Contentment doth abide;
And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls,
Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow like the room
Wherein I toil for bread,
And that because oblivion is my doom,
I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,
 The poverty your own?
 Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,
 In hovel or on throne?
 You judge me by the narrow boundaries
 'Twixt which my body moves;
 But I behold a wider land that lies
 Free to the soul that loves.
 Is that not mine in which I hourly take
 My largess of delight?
 Are not all things created for his sake
 Who reads their meaning right?
 Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?—
 Mine to enjoy and use
 For all life's noblest uses, though no gold
 Has made it mine to lose?
 I know the wood-paths where the feet of spring
 Have left their prints in flowers;
 And all the chorals that the wild bird sing
 Through the long summer hours.
 I watch the changeful light upon the grass,
 The wind waves in the grain;
 I note the swift cloud-shadows as they pass
 Above the breezy plain.
 Mine are the stillness of the autumn noons,
 The peace of tranquil eves,
 The sunset splendours, and the glimmering
 moons,
 The rain-falls on the leaves.
 I cannot count the half of daily joys
 Which kindly Nature gives;
 For while some homely task my hands
 employs
 With her my spirit lives.
 Nor these alone the pleasures that I know,
 The riches I possess:
 Still other things are mine, and they bestow,
 A deeper happiness.
 For unto me the past, with all its store
 Of untold wealth belongs;
 To me the singers and the saints of yore
 Repeat their prayers and songs.
 For me again the long past centuries yield
 The harvest of their thought;
 My gleaning brings me sheaves from many a
 field
 Where stronger hearts have wrought.
 Mine is the present, too; nor let it be
 Despised as little worth;
 I could not tell of all the good I see
 Each day upon the earth.
 What matters that my hands may never touch
 The hands I venerate?
 I thank my God that he has given such
 To guide and guard the state.
 And for the future— but I may not speak
 Of all I hope for then!
 The glories of that city which I seek
 No tongue can tell, or pen.
 So the day rounds to fulness, and the night—
 Is blessed like the day;
 For God who makes the darkness and the
 light,
 Keeps every tear away.

THE THREE GREAT UNITARIAN RELIGIONS.

[CHRISTIANITY, JUDAISM, MOHAMMEDANISM.]

THERE was a hope, more than three thousand years ago, in the heart of the Jewish people, that the day would come when the one true and living God would have the allegiance of all the nations of the earth, "there would be one God and his name one," and that all the dwellers of the world would obey him, and be blessed by him evermore; that the Jewish nation itself would be the great instrument in the hands of Providence of bringing about this desirable spiritual and moral life; that in Abraham and his seed this would be accomplished.

There were then more powerful and prosperous nations in the world, but they had not the convictions or sentiments which could survive the rise and fall of empires. And this day we can clearly see that this Jewish faith was the correct one. The heathen gods were nothing, and are nowhere now, while the life and worship of that small band of people in Palestine are being diffused over all the earth. The faith of Abraham was Unitarian, there cannot be two opinions about this. He believed in ONE Almighty cause, fountain of all power, and wisdom, and goodness. While other nations were trusting in gods many and lords many he was persuaded that there was but ONE God, and he clung to this idea with his whole soul. Here then is the fountain of Unitarian thought, and it flowed among the hills and valleys of a small country, of a peculiar people, for many centuries, and finally branched itself into three great streams of water of life for the salvation of the world.

It is an interesting and wonderful history that of the Jewish people. They have been like salt, not immense in bulk, but immense in influence, scattered among the people of the earth. They have ever carried with them the Unitarian faith, and have been a standing protest against polytheism in the courts of the most ancient cities of the East, and all our towns and villages of the western world. They have not argued but lived, and their life has been generally held as having a divine element in it, and so an authority for the worship of one God. Moses and the prophets, to whom the civilised world now appeals,

utter no indistinct words on this all important question of the unity of God. And every Sabbath day in millions of religious assemblies and homes those sublime and lasting statements about God, which are now hoary with thousands of years of service, are as valued and loved as they ever were in their long and useful history. And although the spirit of the first commandment has been grievously sinned against and broken, God resolved into three and back again to one, the end of this mischievous system of compounding with ancient Paganism is at hand.

Another widespread and active form of the Unitarian religion is found in three parts of the globe, Europe, Asia, and Africa, among millions of devout men and women, the followers of Mohammed. We are not pledged at present to say anything more about the character of this great religious reformer than that we believe he commenced his work in a serious and proper spirit, and planted himself and the reform he had in hand on the truths of the Old Testament, with some share of the knowledge and influence of the New. He saw clearly the polytheistic errors of the nations, and that the professedly Christian Church had drifted away from the pure monotheism of Jesus and the first teachers of his religion.

There are not a few pure and noble passages in the early life of Mohammed, of his piety in the midst of reverses, may be seen in such prayers as the following:—"O Lord, I make my complaint unto thee of the feebleness of my strength, and the weakness of my plans. I am insignificant in the sight of men. O thou most merciful Lord of the weak, thou art my Lord. Do not abandon me. Leave me not a prey to these strangers, nor to my foes. If thou art not offended I am safe. I seek refuge in the light of thy countenance, by which all darkness is dispersed and peace comes. There is no power, no help but in thee." There was a deep conviction in the mind of this man that he was a prophet of God, and that God would finally prosper his work. His work of religious reformation did not entirely fail. It would be easy to enlarge on the blemishes in the life of Mohammed, and the imperfection of his religious teaching and discipline. It stands decidedly condemned by the side of the Christianity

of Christ, but may well look up and prosper by the side of much that has been called Christianity. This system has done and may yet do some service to the cause of religion. It is unnecessary to say one word to prove that it is Unitarian, and ever keeps in view the fact that "God is God alone," and there is no second; and through this teaching the God and Father of us all has been sincerely worshipped. Millions of the people of the East have lived lives of prayer, practised justice, benevolence, and temperance, through the faith thus spread, called Mohammedanism.

We have now for a moment to glance at the fact that the most prosperous as well as the most pure and uplifting of all religions is Christianity—and we hold it is essentially Unitarian. It gathered up its first strength and started its career in this, "there is but one God the Father." It referred back to the faith of Abraham and of Moses, without a single hint of any theological change. It taught from the pure lips of its founder, Jesus Christ, that the Father God alone was to be prayed to and worshipped. The creeds and liturgies which oppose this Unitarian faith are all dated from times subsequent to its founder, and are unquestionably departures from first principles, and are corruptions of Christianity. The Christian missionaries who in a noble and self-sacrificing spirit go out to distant lands, come home frequently discouraged in their attempts to change the Jew and Mohammedan from their worship of the Almighty God to the Trinity; and some have given up the work in utter despair. It is well the Unitarian protest and argument must be listened to in some lands, for this, too, will hasten the day when those three religions will be found much more at one. Now the mission of the distinctly Unitarian branch of the Christian Church is to spread this knowledge, and to emphasise this truth, that "The Lord our God is one." The great work and victory of unifying, of making all religious sects and parties one throughout the world, of binding Jew and Gentile into one great commonwealth of worship and sympathy, "Glory to God and goodwill to man" can only at last be effected through faith and allegiance to one God and Father of all. May every Christian Unitarian feel, and live as if he felt, how important is our mission.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

It was a fine morning in June, and my uncle walked in the garden, sunning himself, as was his wont, with his hands behind him and his head raised to watch the sky, the clouds, the trees, the birds—all the beauties and wonders of creation around him. Sometimes he stopped and gazed more earnestly on some particular object; then he proceeded again at a leisurely pace, uttering aloud an observation to himself, or meditating in solemn silence on the mysteries of nature.

Suddenly the gate opened and the philanthropist appeared with his beaming countenance and gentle greeting. "I want you, my friend; I want you in the field hard by; will you come with me?" said he, taking the old man's hand.

"Now, what in the world!" exclaimed my uncle; "what in the world do you want of me, with your old coaxing ways?"

"I wish to ask a favour," said the philanthropist; "you promised to assist me, you know, and now I am come to claim your aid."

"Well, Sisyphus, must I help to raise the stone which rolls down on you so often, and will surely crush you in the end?"

"Aye, if you please; here in this pleasant sloping meadow we will try our strength together. Do you see this noble space, these fine sheltering trees, that rising ground, forming a natural seat, which will afford accommodation for thousands?"

"My good sir, is not this my own field, and have I not seen these things from childhood?"

"Well, let us ascend the slope. Do you see a noble river wending its way to the sea, and the sea itself, with a tiny vessel glittering in the sunlight in the offing?"

"Do you suppose I'm blind?"

"Stop! In the intervening space are cultivated fields, noble mansions, stately parks, woods glowing with natural beauty——"

"Well?"

"And near there, close at hand, are the wretched, huddled, sooty dwellings of our manufacturing poor—the inhabitants of this crowded village."

"To be sure!" exclaimed my uncle, "and the place is too good for the people, in my opinion. Where would you put

them, I should like to know? In my cottage, I suppose, and turn me over to the wild woods of America. Or may be you would take possession of my lord's park and my lady's mansion, and set up a new order of associative gentry as they had in France, over yonder. I tell you it will never do—*never* do for English people. John Bull likes a home of his own, however homely! he is a capacious, surly mastiff, and likes to know his bone in his own kennel, undisturbed by even his fellows. If you want a picture of the blessings of association in England, look at our unions. A fine name for such institutions, truly! Why, the people who live in them are the most discontented on the face of the earth. It made me sick to see the faces of the men and women when I went a short time since to one of these great overgrown houses; and you should hear the dread the people have of going into the 'house,' as they call it."

"A sign of independence," suggested the philanthropist.

"Of independence," repeated my uncle; "not a bit of it. They will live for ever as outdoor paupers if they can get a sufficient pittance doled out to them weekly. A sign of independence, truly! Why, I might support the whole of them had I the means, and they would take it quietly as a right, and never be the better for it after all."

"I suppose not," returned the philanthropist, smiling. "This world, believe me, is not Heaven, nor are we angels yet."

"The very contrary," said my uncle. "If ever there was a place found for fostering vice, it is a manufacturing village such as ours, and the people are just what you might expect. I wish to my heart there was not such a thing as a manufactory in the world. I wish all that dining machinery was silent."

The philanthropist inspected my uncle's coat with a curious air, and smiling, said:—

"Fine cloth!"

"Ah! I know what you would say—that we should be clothed in sheep skins if it were not for our manufactories. But I know better than that. Where are the spinning wheels, the house looms, the home-spun garments of former times? Why, I can remember the day when there was not a single factory in this place; when every woman spun at her own

door, and the looms went on at home with a pleasant, stirring sound. Now the mere din of the factory turns my brain; and to see the wretches who issue from it—so different to the tidy lads and lasses of my boyhood. Well-a-day! the world's improving, they tell me; and, to my mind, its retrograding fast."

A tear was in the old man's eye as he said this, for he deeply felt the truth of what he uttered, and in sadness of spirit mourned over the evils he knew not how to remedy.

The young man, seeing him in a melting mood, seized the fit occasion, and entreated, as a kind indulgence, the use of his field for one night. "For one night only, I ask now," said he, "but it may be for a thousand at another time."

"I don't know what you're at," said my uncle; "but if you mean to run races in the moonlight there's space enough, and if you mean to exercise your voice you may shout aloud, for there's none to hear you."

"I do mean to exercise my voice," said the philanthropist, "and I mean to have many to hear me. Do you understand now?"

"No," said my uncle, "I'm too old for guesswork; but you may do as you please, only mind *the stone*. Don't be crushed too soon," said he, good humouredly, as he left the field and shut the garden gate between his visitor and himself.

Seeing that his audience was over for that day, the philanthropist turned his steps and quitted the place.

That evening, as the sun set, a hushed band of pale mechanics hung on the words of a young and enthusiastic brother, who was ready to lead them onward in the path of virtue and peace.

He stood on the hillside while the straggling multitude were scattered on the green sward beneath.

At first they laughed and jeered at him; many a sarcastic word found vent, and even a stone or two were hurled by unthinking urchins at his head. But they were stopped by their fathers, who also silenced the scoffers, and the word went forth, "he means no harm; we will hear him; what can he have to say?" Much of solemn import to themselves, to their children, and to their children's children.

He painted in earnest and thrilling

tones a picture of the first inhabitants of the country; of those who dwelt in woods and wilds, and fed on the beasts of the chase or the fruits of the forest. He told them of their scanty clothing, their wretched huts; of the degraded state in which they lived under the tyrannic superstition taught by an ignorant and blinded priesthood. He described their rude idols, their granite temples, their blasphemous rites, and their human victims. The men looked at each other as if to say, can this be true?

The philanthropist paused, and then resumed the thread of his story. He spoke of the strangers who by turns invaded and conquered their native land; of the arts of peace that some introduced; of the wretched devastation made during the time of war by others. He told them of the faint dawning of Christianity which shone on the land; of the grand conventual structures that were reared on every side; of the proud churchmen who ruled within, while the famished poor were driven to solicit alms at the gate. He spoke of noble institutions which were comparatively useless, while weakened by the superstitions of the age; of men who sacrifice their lives from a false notion of honour or sanctity; of the devotion of vassals to their lords; of the kindness of the lord to his vassals. "Let us give them all honour due," said he; "often there was a bond of love and kindness between them; often was one ready to die for the other." But the tie was not holy; it was not that enlightened friendship which should subsist between man and man; it was not that brotherly love which unites the children of God. Blind obedience was the duty enforced; the bond was between the tyrant and the slave. Each peasant was a serf, whose life as well as his tenure was in the power of the lord above him.

"Shame!" muttered the mechanics, standing more erect, as if they gloried in their own freedom from such a galling chain.

Then the speaker gave a glowing picture of the gradual decay of the feudal system. Very gradual, he said it was, for no one knew when the serfs were totally emancipated, and to this day there were many who were never freed.

The speaker turned their thoughts to the blessed influence produced by the re-

formed religion. In words which made their hearts burn within them he told them how a few poor and obscure men had by the power of truth uprooted the superstitions of ages. How the proud and wealthy abbeys had fallen, and the mitred prelates, who ruled alike king and people, had disappeared. How education was diffused more generally through the land, and not confined to the cloistered monks. How the arts of peace were cultivated with more liberality of sentiment, and how, step by step, a more Christian feeling was gaining ground as a general principle, but not, unfortunately, as a precept for individuals, which could be taken to the heart and practised in everyday life. Christianity to many millions was still little more than a dead letter. We considered ourselves a religious nation, yet how few were those who practised what they believed to be right. Then he brought before them a touching picture of the miseries of their own lives; of their heartless neglect of their wives and children; of their homes degraded by sensuality; of the assemblage in the ale-houses; of their heathenish disregard of the services of religion.

The men clenched their hands and seemed half-inclined to wreak instant vengeance on their accuser, and my uncle, who leant on the paling which separated his garden from the field, made a movement as if to go to his assistance.

But the calm majesty of moral courage prevailed. The preacher stood unmoved by the angry murmurs and discontented looks around him. He weathered the storm and went on. He gave them another picture—a portrait of their better selves—of what they might become if they were Christians in word and deed. He spoke of the loving homes, the tender wives, the kind husbands, the obedient children he longed to see. He told them he had come from a distant land to speak to them. That he had brought hope and love, and risked all he had to lay at their disposal. He wished for nothing more than to be a fellow-worker with them in order to raise them in the scale of excellence. Would they join him in heart and hand to exalt themselves?

He stopped, overcome by his emotion, and then a low "We will," broke involuntarily from the lips of some of the wrapt

audience. It was caught up like wild fire by the many, and a shout rent the air which startled the echoes from the hills on every side. Shout followed shout as the speaker descended, shook hands with a few, and departed for his home. And the clear summer moon looked down on the holy covenant then made between man and man, and hallowed the scene by its silvery radiance.

My uncle leant on the paling long after the crowd had dispersed, with his eyes fixed on the long dark shadows of the trees which slanted in solemn stillness up the hillside. But it was not the trees, or their shadows, or the blades of grass which glittered in the moonlight, of which he thought.

His heart was with the young, earnest preacher, who had read a lesson of heavenly wisdom to the aged, and his soul was enlarged with a new-born hope for man, which led him to commune prayerfully with the living God.

R. E.

DEAN STANLEY ON SECT NAMES.

THE *Times* newspaper of the 16th July, 1872, reports that Dean Stanley, of Westminster, delivered an interesting lecture before a large audience in the School of Mines, Jermyn-street, on "The Early Christians." Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P., presided. In the course of his lecture Dean Stanley said:—"It is reported that John Wesley once in the crisis of the night found himself, as he thought, at the gates of hell. He knocked, and asked who were within? 'Are there any Protestants here?' he asked. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'a great many.' 'Any Roman Catholics?' 'Yes, a great many.' 'Any Church of England men?' 'Yes, a great many.' 'Any Presbyterians?' 'Yes, a great many.' 'Any Wesleyans?' 'Yes, a great many.' Disappointed and discouraged, especially at the last reply, he traced his steps upwards, found himself at the gates of Paradise, and here he repeated the same questions. 'Any Wesleyans here?' 'No.' 'Any Presbyterians?' 'No.' 'Any Church of England men?' 'No.' 'Any Roman Catholics?' 'No.' 'Whom have you, then, here?' he asked in astonishment. 'We know nothing

here,' was the reply, 'of any of the names you have mentioned. The only name of which we know anything here is 'Christian.' We are all Christians here, and of those we have a great multitude (which no man can number) of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues.' That is the truth which we shall have to learn hereafter about the name Christian; it may be as well for us to learn it here. It includes, and comprises, and overrides all the others by which men have been divided, because it is the name derived from him to whom they all look, from whom they all descended, in whom they all live. 'Christianity' is a nobler name than any particular form of Christians. 'Christendom' is a more magnificent name than any particular creed or section of 'Christians,' because 'Christian' is a greater name than any particular opinion or custom, and because Christ is a greater name than any person, or teacher, or doctrine, or custom, which has appeared on earth."

But now, we soberly ask at the present moment, can we dispense with the different names which distinguish the different sections of the Christian Church? We have again and again in our pages affirmed how we would rejoice to hail the day

"When names, and sects, and parties fall,
And Christ alone is all in all."

Indeed, the Unitarian Church, as a Church, will hail that happy day with unbounded joy. Possibly this unification may go much further than that of a uniform religious name, for as the seven kingdoms of the ancient Heptarchy are now known by one name, "England," so many national names may yet disappear, and with them the strifes and feuds so unhappily still blended simply through those distinctions. But can we dispense with those national and sect names at present? We have all no small distaste for what is called "sect," and yet there is nothing really ill in the word "sect," for it is but "section" writ short. We are but sections of the one universal Church, and therefore sects.

The thing we can all wisely do at present is to avoid untrue and unkind names. We hold that the followers of Fox, in calling themselves "Friends," do an unfriendly act. Are the members of other sects *not* friends? We have no right to stigmatise, even by imputation, any other

sect. Some of our very zealous Trinitarian brethren call themselves "Evangelical;" but who do not think their sect as evangelical as any other—*i.e.*, a Gospel religion. Others again call themselves "Bible Christians." We are all Bible Christians; and we Unitarians utterly repudiate any authority but the Bible. Some again among us like to have ourselves called "Liberal Christians." What a presumption! In what are we more liberal than others, with our money, and time, and strength to do good and spread religion? We know to the contrary. Some again are fond of the word "Free Christians." Who are bound? Are the members of other Churches less free to choose and refuse? Others again most ridiculously call themselves "Advanced Unitarians." What have they advanced to? We recently heard one of this name say, he had got quite beyond the Christian religion; and the next move was to determine whether there was a being called God, and any immortality for man. Men have a right to examine all those questions, but when they have got to the smallest modicum of belief, and of religious usefulness, to doubt even the being of God and immortality, and to sneer at prayer; then to call this in the religious world "advanced" is to us the climax of absurdity and folly. Would they not show more sense and propriety by calling themselves the "retreating" or "retiring" party? Another new name has been recently picked up, "Theist." But who among religious men are not Theists? We are all Theists, believers in God. Those who are not, make no pretension to religion, and are Atheists.

We cannot do without names, yet we can do wisely or unwisely in the selection of names; and we can shun in this as in every other thing an unkindness, injury, or offence to persons holding different views. We hold to the word "Unitarian," as best for the description of our Church. The words "Roman Catholic" best describe the Church of Rome. The "Wesleyan Methodist" is a good, and not offensive designation; and so with the "Established Church of England." But the words "Friends," "Free," "Liberals," "Advanced," "Theists," &c., unjustly impute a want of freedom or liberality among other sects, and ought to be consigned to oblivion.

NOTICE.

The address of the Editor is, now, Rev. Robert Spears, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

GOOD COUNSEL.—A poor woman, who was about to be tried in Ireland for a capital offence, was asked by the judge if she had any counsel or attorney. She replied very seriously, "She had no counsel but God, and no attorney but his lordship!"

LIVING AND DYING.—When the Act of Uniformity was passed at the Restoration, a fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, was representing, in conversation with a friend, a fellow of the same college, the great difficulties of conformity in point of conscience, but concluded, however, with these words, "*But we must live.*" To which the other answered only, with the like number of words, "*But we must die!*"

ST. PETER'S CHAIR.—The satirists had their own fun about the old man infallible a hundred years ago, and wrote of St. Peter's chair:—

"If the devil himself should get there,

Although he be full of all evil,

Yet such is the virtue in Peter's old chair,

He would be an infallible devil."

PARLIAMENT FAITH.—Robert Robinson somewhere recommends to pay parliamentary taxes, and to obey parliamentary civil statutes, but to "have nothing to do with a parliamentary religion or a parliamentary God." Robinson might have in his recollection an expression used by Osborn, a political and miscellaneous writer, who died in 1658. In "Some Traditional Memorials of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," he says that in that period "the doctrine professed most generally in England bore in foreign nations the name of Parliament faith."

RESULT OF CALVINISTIC TUITION.—A lady in Scotland, having a servant, was charitable enough to desire he might be instructed in the Christian religion. For this purpose she put him under the care of a teacher, who, according to custom, furnished him with catechisms, commented upon them, and made a favourable report. This the pious lady—in the joy of her heart for saving a soul—mentioned to a clergyman of her acquaintance, adding her request that he would examine her servant. With this he readily complied, and asked such simple questions as these:—"Who was the author of the Christian religion?" "Where Jesus Christ came from?" and "What he came to do in the world?" to none of which there was any reply made. "My lad," says the clergyman, "I have been informed you understand the principles of Christianity." "And so I do, sir," returns the other. "And pray," says the parson, "what are these principles?" To which he replied, expressing his opinions in his own words from the confusion he was in: "These, sir, are the principles of the Christian religion:—There was an old man and an old woman that robbed an orchard long ago, and for this we are all damned ever since."

A CURE OF BEGGARS.—The latest Californian earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

EARLY BIGOTRY.—When Lord Strangford in the last century congratulated the son of the Prince Regent of Portugal upon his safety, after having got on board the British fleet, the child instantly replied, "My lord, there was no doubt about my safety. I am a Catholic, but your lordship is a heretic, and can, therefore, never be saved."

A FORM OF PRAYER.—"The body of the nation were under one hardship at the time of the Revolution, which was a sensible conviction to many of the great inconveniences of being under confinement to particular forms of divine worship. While they privately prayed for the Prince of Orange's prosperity, they were forced in public to pray according to the liturgy, that God would be the keeper and defender of King James, and give him victory over all his enemies."—CALAMY.

EXCELLENT HERETICAL MAXIMS.—The Donatists were sturdy heretics. There was no reclaiming by force a people who held that death in a good cause was not an evil but a benefit. The Emperor Constans, tired, it would seem, of persecuting such obstinate folks, sent two persons of rank into Africa to endeavour to conciliate them, and at the same time to distribute alms to their poor. As little, however, disposed to value the emperor's kindness as to fear his vengeance, they repulsed his ambassadors with—"What has the emperor to do with the Church?" It was also usual with them to say, "What have Christians to do with kings? or what have bishops to do at court?"

A TRUE LADY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a very handsomely-dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up before he reached us he made two attempts to go in the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said the young girl, springing forward, "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

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